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and memories, the stuff out of which from time immemorial poetry and life have been made. It is singing rather than poetry, for except the sonnets there is hardly a poem that might not be set to a melody. A great susceptibility to nature, perhaps primarily to autumnal beauty, a certain placidity of outlook, a shining, child-like wonder at the beauty of the world and of love in the world, are among this graceful writer's endowments. She has command of pretty and innocent imagery and a playful fancy.

If one were in a fault-finding mood one might complain that the rhythms are a little too facile, too much

"The sweet, old songs unspoiled by art"

which the author commends in another. It might add to the richness and variety of her verse were she to make search for more intricate and complex movements of the line and more un-hackneyed phrases. The word *mystic*, too, a rather debased word in these days, occurs too often used in the sense of magic. But when all is said this is sweet and kindly singing.

Among the better poems in the volume are "Above Salerno," "The Imprisoned Voice" and "The Flaming Hours," the last one short and lovely enough to quote:

"When woodland ways
Are all ablaze,
The Autumn spreads her cloth of gold
On tangled hedge and briery wold.
Her spears are golden on the height,
Her torches burn with ruddy light;
On ironweed and thistle crown
She flings the purple of renown
When woodland ways are all ablaze."

TRAVEL.

QUITE novel is the undertaking of this book.* To say Professor and Mrs. Allinson have combined a book on travel with a book on Greek poetry is quite to miss the point and to fail of the truth while saying the undisputed. They have thrown the light of poetry on landscape; they have interpreted the psychology of a race by the environment. One travels in Italy with Dante

* "Greek Lands and Letters." By Francis Greenleaf Allinson and Anne C. E. Allinson. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

in one's pocket, in Spain with Don Quixote, but few books have so far resulted from this method. Yet it is the only way to travel, as it is the only way to read. No better stimulus and interpreter could be recommended to any one intending to go on pilgrimage in Greece—for such the volume was primarily designed. But those who have been already in Greece with or without their Teubner texts will linger contentedly over this night at Delphi, this morning at Eleusis, this journey up into Arcadia. And a native Greek, if he knows our language as well as his own, will be apt to pronounce that the descriptive parts are as fine as the critical and almost—never, indeed, quite—adequate to the beauty of Greece to-day. The translations are easy and often happy, and the mingling of paraphrase and comment very deft. Where, for instance, at Sparta “Helen comes in like Artemis of the golden arrows, and her willing servants bring her a carved chair covered with a rag of soft wool, and sitting there, her white hands busied with the deep blue wool wound about her golden distaff, and with the dressed yarn heaped in her silver basket that runs on little wheels and is rimmed with gold, she talks to them of what happened once in Troy, and of Odysseus of the hardy heart and, quite easily, of how she had wanted to come home again to her own country and her child and her lord, ‘who was lacking in nought, nor wisdom, nor beauty of manhood.’” And again a phrase seems born of the place: “On this field the only trophy was the one erected by the defeated to the dead.” That was Chæronæa, of course.